Boston, April 7, 1838.

Dear bro. George:

This letter shall testify, that I am at least able to hold my pen, though it may not prove that my head is in better order than it has been for some weeks past. Yours of the 1st inst., was not received till yesterday. What a fanatical Thompsonian you are! So much for first getting crazed by abolitionism! Nevertheless, Dr. Benson, I thank you for your medical advice. You are almost tempted to believe that I have grown disheartened, or frightened, or neglectful, or indifferent, or something quite as disreputable. Fie on you! Don't you know that the organ of firmness (and, consequently, of endurance) is almost as large as a hen's egg on the top of my cranium? Am I the man, therefore, once having screwed my courage up to the sticking point, — once having encountered them victoriously, — to be afraid of lobelia, cayenne, black coffee, raspberry tea, composition powders and bitters, and a perpendicular steam-box? You write that you are daily expecting a report from me of experiment No. 2. No. 2, forsooth! Why, I have already gone through five entire courses — which, certainly, make five experiments. Is not that doing bravely? Is it not following up that anti-republican enemy, the "King's evil," vigorously, actively, unyieldingly? Well, the result of the campaign, thus far — how many killed, how many wounded, and so on? Or, in other words, "how do you feel now?" Not any worse, certainly — but

some better. Not so well as I could wish — not so well as I must be before I can be of much service in the editorial line — not so well as I hope to be, after a few more courses. My head is still confused, and the discharges still continue from my ears. But I am relieved of much pain — my appetite and digestion are both good — and my whole system is doubtless in better order than formerly. I shall take a course once a week regularly, till I remove to Brooklyn.

I am exceedingly anxious to attend the annual meeting at New-York, because some important matters must be discussed, some new measures proposed, and perhaps a different organization made, so as more equally to distribute the power at head quarters among the different State societies. It will be a great, a momentous occasion. Yet I am apprehensive that my health will not allow me to go, safely — for excitement of the brain is what I cannot easily bear at present. Besides, I am expected to go to Philadelphia, to deliver a public address there on a special occasion; and there will be another week of excitement. Hence, just now, I cannot tell how it will be with me. The chances are about equal, that Helen and the boys will be with you about the 1st of May, or the 1st of June. If I should not be able to go to New-York, you need not expect us till the 1st of June — if otherwise, the 1st of May.

The advertisement respecting the School, in your former letter, was entirely forgotten; and had you not reminded me of it in your last, would have failed of getting an insertion in the Liberator. It shall appear next week, together with a notice of your meeting at Brooklyn.

Friend Knapp yesterday sent 50 copies (I told him to add the other 25) of Boyle's Letter, to you at Providence. Probably you had left for Brooklyn before they arrived. I was glad to hear that Mr. Peare read it with interest, and hope it will lead him to further investigation. As yet, the Letter has been very quietly received by our subscribers; and I have been surprised that it has created no more excitement. However, the leaven must have time to work. I dare say there will be a stir about it in due time. And yet it is so powerfully written, and contains so much truth, that it cannot easily be ridiculed or refuted. Neither the Christian Mirror, N. Y. Observer, nor N. E. Spectator, has said a word about it. The last Vermont Chronicle, however, has some extracts from it, &c. As friend Knapp printed 2000 copies of it, I feel anxious he should dispose of them for his own sake, as well as for its inherent value. He puts them at cost price — $5 per hundred.

The Grimkés are doing a mighty work here, weekly, in the presence of assembled thousands. Praise the Lord, all ye his servants!

We have kissed the babes for you, repeatedly. They are both well, as is dear Helen.

With unabated affection for you all, I remain,

Yours lovingly till death,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Single. 10

George W. Benson,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.

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